CONTENTMENT.

Ones on a time an old red hen
Went strutting 'round with pon
charter.

chuck,

For she had little babies ten,
A part of which were tiny ducks,
"Tis very rare that hens," said she,
"Have baby ducks as well as chicks—
But I posses, as you can see,
Of chickens four and ducklings six!"

A season later, this old hen
Appeared, still cackling of her luck,
For, though she boasted babies ten,
Not one among them was a duck!
""Its well," she murmured, brooding o'er
The little chicks of fleecy down—
"My babies now will stay ashore,
And, con equently, cannot drown;"

The following spring the old red hen Clucked jut as proudly as of yore—But lo! her babes were ducklings ten, Instead of chickens, as before!

"Tis better," said the old red hen, As she surveyed her waddling brood;

"A little water now and then Will surely do my darlings good!"

But oh! alas, how very sad!
When gentle spring rolled 'round again
The eggs eventuated ba!,
And childless was the old red hen!
Yet patiently she hore her wee
And still she were a cheerful air,
And said: "Tils best these things are so,
For babies are a drea iful care!"

I half suspect that many men, And many, many women, too,
And many, many women, too,
Could learn a lesson from the hon
With foliage of vermillion hue;
She ne'er presumed to take offense
At any fate that might befall,
But meekly bowed to Providence—
She was contented—that was all!

NOVEL HEROINES.

STATISTICS GATHERED BY A READER OF LIGHT LITERATURE

The Story the Figures Tell at the End of the Current Literary Year--- A Curious and Interesting Summary.

[Cor. St. James' Garette.]
The year that has just closed has wedded f74 heroines to the men of their choice, i9 have married the wrong man, and either it or 61 have died. The grass has grown over 4 of these; in the remaining cases it has grown green. The others have ended missellaneously. As compared with past years the rate of mortality is low. When, some years ago, I first entered upon these inquires, consumption was very prevalent in tovels, and the hectic flush usually appeared as early as the third chapter. But although there is some heart disease, our heroines are [Cor. St. James' Gazette.] here is some heart disease, our heroines are improving in health, and they marry carlier low. It is a slack week that does not make wives of half a dozen heroines in the first sixty pages, and in 1 cass in 5 the lady starts as a wife and heroine simultaneously. In 47 cases mothers have been tried with rery good results. They have had 113 chiliren between them, ranging in age from tallorder most. rery good results. They have hal 112 chil-iren between them, ranging in age from 1 salendar month to 8 years, and he has res-ued 71 of these from a watery grave. I welve of the original hu-bands of these seroines have perished in a railway accident, i have been discovered to be bigamists, 7 have found a note on the drawing-room able that explained everything, and the re-maining 75 are really the mon she loves, shough she did not know it at the time.

These beroines promise well for the coming season. Widows are coming in again. Against 372 blondes there have been 100 Against 372 blondes there have been 106 prunettes—an unusually large number. While the health average is distinctly higher han in former years, fragility and delimacy continue marked. Broad, low brows are in great favor, and it is a remarkable sircumstance that in 7 cases out of 10 the mouth is perhaps a little too large. In fact, of these 562 ladies as many as 437 have not been beautiful in the strict meaning of the term. But, with a very few inconsiderable exceptions, they had something irrestible about them; and this something is issually explained by pert little noses turned up the thousandth part of an inch. A good nose is thus no longer what it was. The something has also a close connection with dimples, and in the rare cases in which these are neither maddening nor bewitching, they intoxicate. Seven hundred and ninety-two cars have been shell-like, the remainder rosy. There have been over 1,000 ang, they intoxicate, Seven hundred and ainety-two cars have been shell-like, the remainder rosy. There have been over 1,000 almond-shaped eyes, of which 512 have had a dreamy look and 86 have flashed fire; while the latter were flashing 84 heroines Irew themselves up. It is remarkable how these statistics fluctuate. In 1878 the shellike ear, which the year before had stood high as 638, fell to 332, and rose again in 1880 to 714. The ripe red lip remains tationary; but almond eyes are extremely variable. I have known them a drug.

Rarely has the heroine been created who dster nor a friend who is small and plump Where, however, the heroine inclines to em-bonpoint, as she had done 83 times this sea son, the foil of course has to suffer losing as much flesh as the other gains. It does not seem probable that the plump heroine will sver drive her more slender rival from the yer drive her more slender rival from the field; but she is doing well at balls, and the best novelists have never lost faith in her. With Dickens she was a decided favorite; she had a great time in the Waverley nov-is, and is still much admired in the Emer-ald isle. To give satisfaction at a ball is more than might be hastily supposed; for the heroines of the past season have each spont, on an average, five-eights of a vol-ume at them. She may look pale under the lurid glare of the lamps, or wear but a simple dress of white; she may even risk a rival as beautiful as herself; but there is one thing she cannot do without. She must have finely-rounded arms. Four hun-dred and odd times this year she and he have been the admiration of the ballroom, and it has struck 361 assemblages on seeing them together that they are made for each other. Fifty-six times she has fainted at the ball in her lover's arms; 79 times he has turned haughtily on his heel (this requires practice) and left her; 111 times he has gone with her and left her; 111 times he has gone with her into the conservatory to propose, 102 of these declarations being observed by a dark figure against the window; and in all but 7 of these cases he has omitted to say that if his wife knew she might not like it. If you have any difficulty in fixing on the hero, he is always distinguishable by his habit of holding the heroine's hand a moment longer

than is absolutely necessary.

He had smoke beneath her window 121 times, and 114 shadows have passed upon the blind. In every case it has been a warm night, and as she opened the window and gazed into the darkness her beautiful figure was displayed to the best advantage. He thought she was indeed an ethereal creature. She had sighed 94 times, and asked herself what could this be. Twice, out of three times she has wondered if it was love, thrilling at the question. Seventy-three times he has wondered if it was love, thrilling at the question. Seventy-three times he has seen the folly, the madness of his pa sion, and has called at her father's house to bid them farewell. Half an hour has almost invariably been the time that it to elapse before he starts for India, and when he turned his face in the direction of our great dependency she called him by his Christian name 42 times, placed her hand upon her heart 61 times, and fung herself with a wild cry at his boson 19 times. In 75 cases if he had turned round when he reached the door but the novel need never have been written. Fourteen times he has hesitated on the threshold with his hand on the door, but nothing has come of it.

He has gathered her up in his arms 117 times (here the plump ones are at a disadvantage), folied her against his breast 97 times, drawn her to him 74 times, taken her head between his hands 102 times, taghtenet his hold of her little waist 89 times, strained her to his he art 90 times, and plucked one barning kits from her lips (ah, how it burned into her scully before parting with her forever, 101 times. In the great majority of cases, when they maxt meet be is cold and formal, and she filing herself upon her bed and asks what it means. She cannot make it out at all; but the reader generally can. Either he had be op persuaded by his married inter to engage himself to another when he did not knew what love was or he has a wife in foreign pirts. The poorest creature of a here I have a geometric this times, and 114 shadows have passed upon the blind. In every case it has been she. A

year was one who was strugging with a prior attachment. I had got so thoroughly into the groove that led to the other girl that I rather admired his impulsence, and read on to see how he was exposed. He never was exposed. It was ambition, and there was no other woman.

Cousins are working well together. Forty-seven have liked each other from the fir-t, about a score have drifted apart, but the others have come to an understanding. Some 70 times the old uncle (or, when there is a thirst for novelty, the old shut) leaves his money between them on condition that they marry, the one who refuses losing his or fer share in the legacy. These elderly relatives are amazingly eccentric sometimes, but they have always this in common. It is the touch of nature that makes uncles and aunts akin. These are but the gloanings of my note-book, which is furnished with much else that, to me at least, is very curious and interesting.

EXPLANATION OF VACCINATION.

How the Process Works in the Huma System Subjected to Virus.

How the Process Works in the Human
System Subjected to Virus.

(Professor Tyndall in Popular Science Monthly.)
Pastour had little difficulty in establishing the parasitic origin of fowl cholers; indeed, the parisite had been observed by others before him. But by his successive cultivations he rendered the solution sure. His next stop will remain forever memorable in the history of medicine. I allude to what he calls "virus attenuation." And here it may be well to throw out a few remarks in advance. When a tree or a bundle of wheat or barley straw is burned, a certain amount of mineral matter remains in the ashes—extremely small in comparison with the built of the tree or of the straw, but absolutely essential to its growth. In a soil lacking or exhausted of the necessary mineral constituents, the tree cannot live, the crop cannot grow.

Now, contagia are living things, which demand certain elements of life just as inexorably as trees or wheat or barley; and it is not difficult to see that a crop of a given parasite may so far use up a constituent existing in small quantities in the body, but essential to the growth of the parasits, as to render the body unfit for the production of a second crop. The soil is exhausted, and until the last constituent is restored, the body is protected from any further attack of the same disorder.

Such an explanation of non-recurrent discesses naturally presents itself to a thorough believer in the germ theory, and such was the solution which, in reply to a question I ventured to offer nearly fifteen years ago to an eminent London physician. To exhaust the soil, however, a parasite less vigorous and destructive than the really virulent one may suffice; and if, after having by means of a feebler organism, exhausted the soil, without fatal result, the most highly virulent one may suffice; and if, after having by means of a feebler organism, exhausted the soil, without fatal result, the most highly virulent one may suffice; and if, after having by means of a feebler organism, exhaus

Just Getting Ready.

A New Yorker, who was prospecting in Michigan last fail, came across the manager of a saw-mill and bowl factory combined, and naturally asked him how business was.

"Well, pretty fairish," was the reply.
"In debt any !"
"Well, there's a mortgage on the saw

"And we had to mortgage the bowl factory "And I believe there's a lien of some

"And the man who built the mill-race ha "Anything more!"
"Well, the sheriff levied on all our saw-

ogs yesterday."

"And then you are pretty nearly wound "Wound up! Why, my dear man, you don't know us western people! That's the way we always get ready to begin solid

What a Shoe-Dealer Says.

iChicago News.]

The American women have the finest-shaped and smallest feet of any nationality. The conformation of the American female foot is usually round, with an arched instep. There are very few flat-footed American women. The German, Scandinavian, Irish, and English women seldom have other than broad, flat fest. French women often have fine feet, especially those from the localities which were invaded by the Saracens and when these arises a misciline of the Saracens and where there exists a mingling of the Sara-cen blood. The French women from the mountain districts are apt to have the characteristic mountain foot—strong, broad,

(Scientific American)

A French authority gives the following A French authority gives the following receipt for a transparent cement which possesses great tenecity and has not the slightest yellow tinge: Mix in a well-stoppered bottle 10 drams of chloroform, with 10% drams of non-volcanized caoutchouse cut in small pieces. Solution is readily effected, and when it is completed add 2% drams of mastic. Let the whole macerate for eight to ten days without the application of any heat, and shake the contents of the bottle at intervals. A perfectly white and vary at interval. A perfectly white and very adhesive coment is the result.

A Touch of Nature.

. [Paris Morning News.]
The other day a sweet-faced girl of 6 pre The other day a sweet-faced girl of 6 pre-sented herself at the bureau of the Mont de Piete in the Rue Bondy, and, handing some-thing to the official with childlike signs of inward struggling, said: "You must lend me a great deal of money on my doll; mother is very ill." The pawnbroker for once was unequal to the situation. He gave the child five francs, handed her back her doll, and called for the next customer.

"Really," remarked Miss Idlewyld, "I suppose I ought to encourage Mr. Gushton. What do you suppose he did to-day?" Miss Tutherwun—What was it, dear! I'm dying to know. Miss Idlewyld—Why, he actually kissed his hand to me; and his hand, you know, is extremely ugly and not remarkably clean. How the dear, silly failow must love me, to be sure!

THE CAMPING-OUT SEASON.

Bark Canoe-Tents and Other Noce saries-The Camp Fire. [MacMillan's Magazine.]

A bark cance is only one man's load; he turns it upside down, and walks with it on his head. A man toiling across a portage in this attitude is a somewhat grotesque sight, suggesting a monstrous new kind of snail. Then the cance will go over shallows where anything else would stick, and as for handiness, an expert canceman will almost turn it around with one twist of the paddie. Repairs are frequent but simple, consisting it around with one twist of the paddie. Re-pairs are frequent but simple, consisting mainly in the free application to damaged places of a resinous gum kept in store for that purpose. Speed is a secondary con-sideration; you cannot go fast paddling up, and you cannot help going fast coming down. We came down a reach in half an hour that we had taken half a day to work up. Often towing and poling have to be re-sorted to to make way against a heavy cur-rent.

Paddling, though a more wasteful application of muscular work than rowing, is less fatiguing when the pace is not forced, and after a little practice becomes a very delectable exercise. The traveler embarked on a cance voyage has to carry most things with him. Along the river there are only scattered farm houses, and the only certain and comfortable way of securing shelter for the night is to camp out. The tents and other necessaries form the cargo of the canoes. It is astonishing how much stuff can be stowed away in a canoe that looks quite small—another merit of the savage birch bark vessel as compared with European boats. Every night we choose our camping ground, pitch our tents, and make our camp fire; this last is of great importance, not only for warmth and brightness. Paddling, though a more wasteful appli-

but for driving away insects, the only drawback in a life otherwise perfect. but for driving away insects, the only drawback in a life otherwise perfect.

When people play at camping out in England, they make a fire a foot or two across, over which they hang a kettle on three sticks. In Canada you make a fire of logs five or six feet long, or may be whole roots of pine or cedar, which will burn all night. The trouble of chopping the word up small would be greater than that of burning it as it is, and its cost is nothing. In many places, indeed, the best fuel is drift wood, which could in no way be made otherwise useful. Even in summer nights the fire is a welcome companion, and after a day's work at paddling, hot tas is the best of drinks whatever the temperature may benot that other drink would be easy to get if one wanted it, but no such want is felt.

Flowers at Funerals. [Joe Howard in Philadelphia Press.]
The senseless outtom of sending flower pieces to funerals is now pretty well broken up. I remember that at Barney Williams' funeral, at a moderate estimate, the flowers ent cost between \$3,000 and \$3,000. Every ent cost between \$3,000 and \$3,003. Every conceivable form was utilized—urns crosses, harps, lyres, baskets, pillows everything that the most ingenious florist could devise, was put into use on this occasion, and the alta- and chancel were fairly packed and concealed by the wealth of development in this lins. Well, it was simply ridiculous, and, by the way, it is a good point for purchasers of emblems of this nature to see that they exercise common sense and discretion in their orders. Let me be give you an illustration.

in their orders. Let me be give you an illustration.

A short time ago a young fellow, an actor, died suddemly, and his companions, desiring to testify their regard, determined to send something of this nature to his home at the time of the funeral service. So, raising \$50 or \$50, they sent one of their number to an adjacent florist's and directed him to send two handsome pieces in the name of the company to the former residence of their friend. Having paid for it, that ended their mission.

mission.

They attended the services in a body and to their horror and amazement, they found They attended the services in a body and to their horror and amasement, they found—their former associate having been a Hebrew—placed in one corner out of the way so that it could not be seen, a huge red cross, probably the most offensive thing that could have been sent to a Hebrew's home under any circumstances. The parents of the actor were, fortunately, people of sense and at once saw the blunder was caused by ignorance rather than with any intent to annoy or affront, so they quietly put the offensive

That Whistle Among the Icebergs.

That Whistle Among the Icebergs.

[Ensign Harlow in The Century.]

The launch whistled frequently as she steamed along, and we knew afterwards that the sound was heard by those who lay in the tent, which was partly blown down. Brainard and Long succeeded in creeping out from under its folds and crawled to the top of a hill near by, from which was visible the coast towards Cape Sabins. At first nothing was seen by them; and Brainard returned to the tent, telling by the silent despair of his face that "there was no hope." The survivors discussed the probable cause of the noise and decided that it was the wind blowing over the edge of a tin can.

Meanwhile Long crept higher up the hill and watched attentively in the direction from which the sound had apparently come. A small, black object met his gaze. It might be a rock, but none had been seen there befors. A thin, while cloud appeared above it; his ear caught the welcome sound and the poor fellow knew that relief had come. In the ecstacy of his joy he raised the signal flag, which the gale had blown down. It was a sad, pitiable object—the back of a white flannel undershirt, the leg of a pair of drawers and a piece of blue bunting tacked to an oar. The effort proved too much for him and he sank exhausted on the rocks. It was enough for the relief party; they saw him, whistled again, and turned in for the abore with all possible speed. Long rose again and fairly rolled down hill in his seagerness to meet them.

Story of a Tramp.
[Detroit Free Press.]

A Tramp who called at a Farm House to ask for a cold Bite was almost Paralyzed at being Welcomed with Smiles and Kind Words and having a fine Repast laid out for him. In Explanation the Woman said that he Reminded her of her Long-Lost Cousin.

At the next house the Tramp at once Announced that he was the Woman's Long-Lost Brother, but in place of Smiles and Mince Pie the Woman selzed the Broom-Mince Pie the Woman selzed the Broom-stick and went for him saying: "Slide out, you Villain! They were all Girls in Our Family!"

Moral: There is such a thing as Boiling your Potatoes too Hard.

The Shricks Hang in His Ears.

Concerning the smothering of Arabs in an Algerian cave, a correspondent writes us; "I have been told by Englishmen that it was of no uncommon occurrence for Gen. Pelissier to put both his hands to his ears all of a sudden (sometimes even at dinner parties), as if to shut his ears against the howls of the smothering Arabs in that cave. It came to him so unexpectedly that this action of his (putting the hands up to his ears) was quite invol "ntary to him."

Josh Billings: One man ov genius to 97 thousand four hundred and 42 men ov talent s just about the right proportion for actual

There are a score of scents which we know nothing about. The geranium may, per-haps be familiar; it is expressed from the haps be familiar; it is expressed from the leaves and the stalk; but what do the public know of the extract of cedar! We know that the cedar is an odorous wood, but the perfume has only lately been known, it having been made for the first time within these few years from the refu e shavings of the pencil makers. What, again, do we know of the essence of cucumbers! That this salad has delicate smell, with which many a happy picnic is associated, we all of us know, but of late years the perfumer has found a use for it for the nose as well as the mouth. Fennel is not a substance from which we should expect to find an odor extracted, but the oil is used to scent scap, we find, for those who like it.

find, for those who like it.

There are numbers of the chemically built there are numbers of the chemically built up essences now produced, and not only the perfumer but the confectioner is adding to his stock of tastes and perfumes by reason of the labors of the chemist. There is no knowing what art may not do hereafter, now that our chemists are becoming so must. First but in a dozen were time. smart. Possibly in a dozon years time flowers will be deposed from the laboratory of the perfumer and by the magic art of chemistry the most disgusting odors will be transformed into the most delightful per-

Might Have Made It Two Years.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]
The jury, without leaving the box, said that Mr. Gregg should for one year be confined within the walls of a prison. A look of deep disappointment settled upon Gregg's

"We did the best we could for you," and I one of the jurymen when the court

ani I one of the jurymen when the court
ad journei.
"No you didn't replied Gregg."
"We couldn't make it any better."
"That's all right," replied Gregg, "but you
mout have made it more. You mout have
made it two years instead of one."
"Way, man, do you want to live in prison?"
"Lemme tell you something," said Gregg.
"I married old 'Lias Meckford's daughter."
"Wall, what of that?"

"Well, what of that?"

"Well, what of that? Look here, you don't know that fambly. Of course I want to go to prison. Wall, it's only one year, butdrive on. I'll do the best I can."

Ban Francisco Chronicie.]

Did you ever notice a woman in a hurry.
She goes along decorously for a little time.
Suddenly she makes a spurt, runs about
twenty yards, slows down panting, and if
you watch the man walking leisurely on the
other side of the street, you will find he'll
get to the corner of the block before she does
and she is out of breath at thes.

"SUGARING-OFF."

BUSTON PARTY'S VISIT TO MAPLE "SUGAR ORCHARD."

gers Aboard a Log Bled-Sap Gathering and Boiling Down-"Done Enough for Cakes."

As we left Lowell, Manchester and Nashua behind us, the mist grew thicker, and the anow appeared, and soon the rain came down with a rest through the colder air, foreboding no good for the merrow. The conductor of the party, backed by "Old Prot," assured us that it would be bright and clear, and we tried to believe him. As we spod by the Weirs we could only see the white, frozen lake, instead of the blue sheet of dancing waters, overlooked by the violet-crowned heights of Oustpee and its kindred. The summer steamer was snugly tucked up in her winter bed at the dock with spruce trees, and it was hard to believe that only so few months ago a merry party crowded her

and it was hard to believe that only so few months ago a merry party crowded her decks and enjoyed to the utmost a glorious day on the mountain-fringed lake.

We came to a halt at the door of the Pemigewasset house, a little ster 5 o'clock. A genial welcome from the host awaited us, and, to my delight, I found warm rooms, halls and parlors. The appetizing supper was heartily enjoyed, particularly the griddle cakes, on which the new maple honey cast the sweetness of coming events before. The young people of the party spent a merry evening with music, games and dancing, and the next morning I looked out on a beautiful scene—the Pemigewasset river, white and still, a wide intervale with leafles elms, a glimpse of the English-looking church, school and residence which crown the bluff, and still farther the pine woods and the slope of Prospect.

Away in the north rose the sharp peaks of the Franconias steely blue, and over all lay

Away in the north rose the sharp peaks of the Franconias, steely blue, and over all lay the brilliant morning sunlight, but oh! how cold it was! Undismayed, however, we resumed our journey northward, and shortly after 9 o'clock our car was detached from the train at Warren, and we amazed Bostonians were packed upon a log sled, with dry-goods boxes placed across for seats, and drawn by two sorry-looking nags to the town hall, where elaborate preparations were going on for our dinner.

"But this is not according to the programme," remonstrated the conductor. "I didn't bring this party up here sugaring to have the camp left out."

didn't bring this party up here sugaring to have the camp left out."

"Why, Aleck, it's so tarnal cold they'll freeze up there. Ye carnt go, anyhow."

"I'll see if we can't go," sclaimed the vigorous young man, and off he rushed for the camp. Soon returning and crying, "All aboard!" we were piled on the sled again bound for the sugar orchard.

The sugar-house itself was placed on the slope of the bill below the grove of maple trees. Each tree was adorned with a pail hung on it some two or three feet from the ground. Above the pail a little spout of

ground. Above the pail a little spout of wood or fron was driven into the tree, through which the sap, deliciously sweet, drips fast or slowly, according to the weather.

When the pails are nearly full, a man,

with two huge buckets which he carrie with the help of an awkward contrivance with the belp of an awkward contrivance worn acress the shoulders, goos from tree to tree gathering the sap, which he pours into tults placed at intervals about the orchard. From these, long lines of wooden gutters—I think they called them conductors—convey it to one large tub in the sugar-house. Here a brisk flow built under from teach which the it to one large tub in the sugar-house. Here a brisk fire, built under iron pars, boils the sap away till it grows dark and thick, when it is taken off, cooled and strained, and again put on to boil in one large kettle. We watched the furious boiling eagerly till it was pronounced ready to put on snow, and then each, armed with saucer and spoon and a portion of the fragrant sweet, went out and poured the liquid on the snow. To the amazement of the uninitiated the hot sugar did not sink into the snow, but cooled on top of it, making the most toothsome, delicious, sticky morsel imaginable. cooled on top of it, making the most tooth-some, delicious, sticky morsel imaginable. Even Huyler and his confreres cannot pro-duce its equal. Then the chief cook said it was done enough for cakes, and a lot of lit-tic oblong tin moulds were filled and left to

What was left in the huge kettle What was left in the huge kettle was stirred vigorously by the farmer, assisted by our young ladies, till it changed from a liquid into brown dry sugar. We ate all we wanted, slid down the hill on a big sled that we could not navigate; tried to walk on snow-shoes, but failed because they were so large, and we couldn't keep one from stepping on the other; and had our pictures taken in different attitudes by one of the party, and at noon wont back to the town hall and sat down to a dinner of baked beans, because we were from Boston, and the good folk feared we might be homesick with-out the familiar diet. After a little rest and out the familiar diet. After a little rest and drying of wet feet, we started for another camp where they were only beiling sap, they said, and from which we had a glorious view of mountain and valley. Then we went back to our car, and the farmer came

with a lot of sugar in which we all invested till his stock was exhausted. A few minutes after 4 our car was at-A few minutes after 4 our car was attached to the Boston train, and we were swiftly going homeward. At Plymouth we were given ample time for a hearty supper, and at a late hour came to a halt in Boston, and as we left the train, each with a package or tin can of sugar under his arm, I fancy we all felt, even though we were tired, that our day among the wind, snows and woods of Now Hampshire had shown us a side of country living we had never before seen, and that it was an experience worth the having. having.

[Cor. Foreign Journal.]

The problem has puzzled many why two
pleoes of wood, sawed from the same section
of a tree, should possess very varied characteristics when used in different positions For example, a gate-post will be found to decay much faster if the butt-end of the tree is uppermost than would be the case if tree is uppermost than would be the case if the top was placed in this position. The reason is that the moisture of the atmos-phere will permeats the pores of the wood Luch more rapidly the way the tree grew than it would in the opposite direction. Microscopical examination proves that the pores invite the ascent of moisture, while they repel its descent. To make my mean-ing more clear, I will mention the familiar case of a wooden bucket. Many may have noticed that some of the staves appear to be entirely saturated, while others are appear entirely saturated, while others are apparently quite dry. This arises from the same cause—viz., the dry staves are in the position in which the tree grew, while saturated ones are reversed.

Colorado Wild Flowers

Helen Hunt Jackson is an admirer of the brilliant Colorado wild flowers, and it is said that once twonty-three varieties of wild-flowers, massed each in its own color, adorned the house of this lady for the edifficulty of the coloradorned the house of this lady for the edifficulty of the coloradorned the house of this lady for the edifficulty of the coloradorned the house of this lady for the edifficulty of the coloradorned the color cation of some eastern friends invited to

The wool clip of Oregon this year will amount to 11,000,000 pounds. FAIR AND WILY TYPEWRITERS.

One of the Leading Swindles of the Metro polis-An Investigation.

[New York Cor. Chicago Tribuna.]
The Women's Christian association has opened a registry for girls who desire an ployment as operatives on typewriters. An investigation of the character of each apinvestigation of the character of each ap-plicant is promised, so that the employer may know in every in-tance something about her antecelouts. This move is a result of an evil which has become a big one in New York. Inspector Byrnes, who is the head of the detectives of the police depart-

ment, says on this subject:
"Hundreds and hundreds of young women have been taken into the offices of lawyers, brokers, merchants, and others since the typewriting machine came into general use. They are necessarily educated an i bright.

actor, and in this field find work enabling them to support themselves or help their

them to support themelves or help their families.

"But type-writing has also opened up a rich thing for confinence adventuresses, and they are doing more extensive and adroit work than ever known before. They get into daily intercouse with men whem they could not otherwise meet; they have plenty of time to make a favorable impression; all the circumstances are conducive to the success of their schemes. In case the chosen victim doesn's put himself voluntarily into a comprensising position he is tricked into what looks like one. Then blackmail in some form or other is levied on him. Cases are brought to us in astenishing numbers, and often by men who could be ouight by no ordinary trap. I could name a very famous Wall street banker who became involved. It looked black for him until a brief search into the history of his fair young secretary exposed her as an adventures of the worst sort. Usually we do not feel that the police are rightly called on to act, and the men are advised to go to some lawyers or private detective."

Talk with the managers of detective agencies elicits the fact that blackmail by woman who get into offices as type writers has become the leading swindle, and that the investigation and exposure of their real characters constitutes a considerable share of the work now done by unofficial detectives. In most cases the past careers of those women furnish ample defense for their remployers; but sometimes the escape is laboriously and expensively brought about. Down-town gossip involves several notables as objects of this kind of blackmail. The

Down-town gossip involves several not as objects of this kind of blackmail. as objects of this kind of blackmail. The plan of the Women's Christian association, while primarily intended to protect good women from competition and association with the adventuresses, will operate to irive the latter out, for employers will be asked by circular to require a certificate from the association whenever employing a

People's Feet in Different Sections

People's Feet in Different Sections.

[Philadelphia Times.]

"There is a decided difference in the shape of people's feet in different sections of the country," said a member of one of the largest shoe manufacturing firms in Philadelphia. "In the eastern states the feet are narrower and somewhat longer than in the west, while in the south they are not only narrow but possess very much higher insteps. So much is this the case that we are obliged to keep three sets of lasts for the three sections. That comes to be a large item, I can assure you, when it is remembered the number of sizes that are in each set.

bered the number of sizes that are in each set.

For example, in one size alone we have the initial number—say seven; then there are narrow seven, broad seven, seven and a quarter (narrow and broad), seven and three-quarters (narrow and broad)—that is, twolve pairs of lasts to one size, and to each of these sizes we must have three different styles for the section of the country to which we are going to send our goods—that is, thirty-six pairs of lasts to one size pair of boots. Sounds rather extravagant, doen't it? Of course, this is only the case with firms who deal with all these sections.

"Some firms enly send their goods to one

with firms who deal with all these sections. "Some firms only send their goods to one part of the country. Now, you would be surprised to be told that in different section of the country different shapes of toes of boots are required. Out in the west nothing will suit but the square-toed shoe, whereas in the eastern states the square toe would be in stock a century and then never sell. Different parts of the country require different kinds of leather, also. In the north and west a tougher, harder leather can be worn than in the south, where not only a soft 'upper' is necessary, but, owing to the sandy, hot soil, quite thin soles are necessary. For this kind of wear it is not unusual to use imported leather—that is, for the 'uppers'—but ported leather—that is, for the 'uppers'—but for soles we employ domestic productions al-most exclusively.

Grace at the Restaurant Table,

(Syracuse Standard.

A clerk and his country father entered the restaurant the other evening and took seats at a table where sat a telegraph operator.

The old man bowed his tor and a reporter. The old man bowed his head and was about to say grace when a waiter flew up, singing, "I have beefsteak, codfish bails and bullheads." Father and son gave their orders and the former again son gave their orders and the former again bowed his head. The young turned the color of a blood-red beet, and touching his arm, exclaimed in a low, nervous tone: "Father, it isn't customary to do that in restaurants!" "It's customary with me to return thanks to God wherever I am," said the old man. For the third time he bowed his head, and the telegraph operator paused in the act of carving his beefsteak and bowed his head, and the journalist nut hack wasn't a man who heard the short and simple prayer that didn't feel a profounder respect for the old farmer than if he had en president of the United States.

> Where His Joke Led to. (Manchester Courier.)

On Lord Coleraine's first visit to Drury Lane theatre he saw a gentleman in boots enter the box, and jocosely remarked: "I beg, sir, you will make no apology." "Apology, sir," replied the stranger; "apology for what?" "Why," returned his lordship, pointing toward the boots, "that you did not bring your horse with you into the box." "Perhaps it is lucky for you, sir," retorted the stranger, "that I did not bring my horsewhip; but I have a remedy at hand, for I can pull your nose for your impertinence." Some other gentlemen in the box now interfered, an exchange of cards took place, and both parties left the theatre.

Lord Coleraine went immediately to his brother and said: "I acknowledge that I was the first aggressor; but it was too bad to threaten to pull my nose. What had I better do?" "Soap it well," replied George, "and then it will easily slip through his fingers," On Lord Coleraine's first visit to Drury

Not To-Night.

No, mother, your boy is not wandering to-night. He sits in the parlor, glued to the old arm-chair and Belinda's lips, while the old man vainly listens to hear him wander. Helen Wilmans: The great genius is but the world's spokesman. What he says all people are longing to say, but cannot form-ulate their crude ideas into words.

I. W. ENGLAND, THE PUBLISHER.

An Example of What a Poor Boy May

Accomplish-His Skylark Experiment.

Accompilsh—His Skylark Experiment.

[Uncle Bill" in Chicago Heraid.]
Isaac W. England, the publisher of The
Sun, was a notable example of what a poor
boy may come to be. From a barefooted
printer's devil he pushed himself into a foremost rank as a journalist, and he relinquished labor with the pen to attend to the
business of The Sun only because it was becoming evident that The Sun was to grow
into a wast concern that needed the best
kind of brains in its counting-room. He
was one of the most energetic men that ever was one of the most energetic men that ever trod New York's streets.

It was England who conceived the unique idea of introducing the skylark into America. While a boy he had stretched himself on his back in the grass at his old home near Bath, England, and watched the bird as it sang and soared, and soared and home near Bath, England, and watched the bird as it sang and soared, and soared and sang, and the song haunted him for years and years in after life. He often said that he had a notion to go to the old country just to hear the skylark once again. It flashed upon him that, maybe, the bird would sing in America. With all possible haste he sent to England for a dozen. They came, three of them dead, however, and after being put in good condition the nine survivors were released on Mr. England's farm, at Ridgewood, N. J. Within two hours one of them took to soaring and singing, and Mr. England in delight declared that he had already the worth of his money. The birds did not get along right well in our harsh climate. A few broods have been hatched out each year, and occasionally one's note is heard around Ridgewood, but the attempt to make them numerous may be said to have failed. Evidently there has been very little increase in their

numeers, authough the original birds were brought here eight years ago. It was the opinion of Mr. England that the winters

were too severe for them, but he believed that in the climate of Florida or Georgia they would multiply and be as musical as they are in their native air.

Mr. England had the model farm crass-developed more intensely than ever did Horace Greeley. There was nothing in the line of experimental planting that he did not practice, and his valuable farm was covered with rare trees and shrubs from all parts of the world.

A Very Strange Sight.

["Gath's" Chattanooga Letter.]

As I returned to the city through the scrub timber I came upon a great red clay viaduot or embankment which is to extend to Mission Ridge from Chattanooga, and as the carriage mounted upon it I observed for a while nothing among the workmen that was notable except one man sitting in the middle of the road with a gun in his hand. I thought to myself: "That is a suriy fellow; he does not even move, and forces the carriage closs to the edge of the embankment." There was a queer expression in his eyes as he looked up with the gun across his knees.

Then it seemed to me that the men workhe looked up with the gun across his knees. Then it seemed to me that the men working had expressions not very human or familiar, and I likened them to the queer Dutchman Rip Van Winkle saw when he went up the mountain. Looking closer I as we that every man had a chain estending from his middle to his ankle, and on the ankle was some kind of a weight. These were the convicts working on the roads, a sight one does not see anywhere in the north that I am familiar with.

"Blacks and whites are mingled, and they were shoveling earth into carts, or taking it

"Blacks and whites are mingled, and they were shoveling earth into carts, or taking it from carts and filling the roadway, and every man were that great steel chain, and now and then on a fence would be hung up a pair of hand-cuffs, and, finally, along the fonce line was seen a chain extended upon the ground, to which these convicts are attached morning and night, as they are marched to and fro. But, after all, this is probably a better form of employment than being shut up in narrow cells and denied the breath of Heaven or the panorama of day.

The Depth Divers Go.

[Chicago Herald.]

There is no record of the distance from shore at which divers have gone down in the Atlantic coean. They can go down to certain depths at any part of the ocean. As I ng ago as 1856 E. P. Harrington, of Westlield, N. Y., went down 170 feet and recovered the iron safe of the steamer Alantic, sunk in Lake Erie the year before. He was dressed in a common diver's suit, and renained down eleven minutes. A recent french invention enables men to descend over 800 feet.

THE REVIVAL OF AN OLD FASHION AND WHAT IT LEADS TO.

The Kind of Seals Most in Demand-Se lection of Designs by Purchasers-Some Funny Happenings-Significance of Sealing-Wax.

[Philadelphia Times.] [Philadelphia Times.]

"A lively trade in the manufacture of seals has recently been developed," said a prominent stationer. "A complete outfit, such as has been made and offered for sale for two or three months past by local dealers, consists of a silver tray, oxydized or polished, of unique designs, hammered or plain, with a match box to fit, a little bundle of adamantine tapirs two and a half inches in length, half a dozen sticks of the wax in as many hue; and colors, and a inches in length, half a dozen sticks of the wax in as many hue; and colors, and a pretty box to hold them and the little silver spirit lamp which liquifies the sealing material. The seal is not included, except in certain complicated bronze or silver pattern, such as lizard or alligator designs. If the material is solid silver the outfit is worth all the way from \$20 to \$50. 4 very fashionable and equally ugly plated sort can be purchased for \$15. Lately, to meet the demand which has spread to the less fashionable portions of society, a cheap outfit, costing but 75 cents, has been made, consisting of a neat pasteboard box containing the same articles.

of a neat pasteboard box containing the same articles.

"The seal most in use is a German text initial placed upon a plain field and enclosed in plain concentric circles or surrounded by a criss-cross tinting. Some ladies exceedingly Democratic in their notions use an English initial. Others have two or three letter monograms. Crests are very fashionable. Mottoes surmounted by the armorial crest of the family are correct in tasts and more extensively ordered now than six more extensively ordered now than six months ago. After the circle the shield is the outline most frequently called for. purchasers. A lady who boasts of a great pedigree recently asked a Chestnut street clork to assist her. Picking up Burke's 'Heraldry' he turned to the given name and showed his customer a coat-of-arms which he thought fitted her ancestry. Looking at it an instant sl., said: "I like that real well, I believe I'll order

one. But can't you put an alligator or easel or something that's all the rage now into that vacant space in the corner of the shield! It would help to ill up, you know!"

"This," continued the stationer, "is a sample of the mushroom element idea of armo-rial scaling. A lady said recently, in order-ing a costly scal:

"Idon't care much what it is, so that it is good-si: I and more stylish than Mrs.
B.'s.'

B.'s.'

"The design was which given her was fearfully and wenderfully made. American flags, baid-headed eagles and all the wild animals to be found in the Zeo were chucked in promiscuously and conspicuously. The effect was shoddy and satisfactory, but it looked like a circus poster. There are about twenty different perfumes and colors in wax, and as many as a dozen shades of red, from the deepest Indian red to a bright scarlet."

"Is there any significance in the color employed to seal the letter?"

ployed to seal the letter?"
"There is. Flirtations in sealing wax are "There is. Flirtations in sealing wax are the latest racket. The ordinary red wax signifies business and is supposed to be used only for business letters. Black is, of course, used for mourning and condolence. Blue means love and as we make four or five tints of this color each stage of the tender passion can be accurately portrayed. When pink is used congratulation is intended. An invitation to a wedding or other festivity is sealed with white wax. Variegated colors are supposed to show conflicting emotions. Do you know that thimbles are being utilized to bear seals! Fact. The designs of that sort are mild just now, but are developing. We'll work the idea up and think it will become fashionable.

"The odors used in the wax are ravishing in their delicacy—that is the expensive sort.

in their delicacy—that is the expensive sort.

The cheaper grades are as bad as the pomatum of a 5-cent barber shop. The perfumery is the element of cost in the wax. A Paris firm makes the finest imported article. The perfume of the burning wax fills an ordinary sized apartment and linears about dinary sized apartment and lingers about the envelope for hours."

We can see in Luther the beautiful steppings of medical philosophy. He was taken quite sick. The custom of the time was to quite sick. The custom of the time was to let out blood until the most of the fever and poison had run away in the red stream. Luther was a man of prayer. In this particular he perhaps equaled any of the moderna. But he was also a wonderful student of human facts and nature's facts, and he came to the conclusion that cutting of food for a few days would lessen a little the quantity of blood active and pure; so when the sixteeth century physician came with lancet and basin Luther sent him back unused as being less effective than fasting and long walks.

Luther says: "I went without food and took long walks and got well." Thus science

Luther says: "I went without food and took long walks and got well." Thus science cured Luther. When over with the attack no doubt the grand man thanked the Heavenly Father for such simple and beautiful laws of health. In our day the prayer of thousands should indeed be offered in the incipient stares of illness, but the burden of that prayer should be for grace mough and sense enough to be temperate in food and to take a Lutheran walk every day.

A SEA DIALOGUE

[Oliver Wendell Holmes.]

Friend, you seem thoughtful. I not wonder much
That he who sails the ocean should be sad.
I am my self reflective. When I think
Of all this wallowing beast, the Sea, has
sucked
Between his sharp, thin lips, the wedgy

What heaps of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, What piles of shekels, talents, ducate, What bales of Tyrian mantles, Indian shawls,
Of laces that have blanked the weaver's

oyes, Of silken tissues, wrought by worm and man, The half-starved workman, and the well-fed

The half-starved workman, and the well-fed worm;
What marbles, bronzes, pictures, perchments, books;
What many-lobuled, thought-engendering brains;
Lie with the gaping sea-shells in his maw—I, too am silent; for all language seems A meckery, and the speech of man is vain. O mariner, we look upon the waves And they rebuke our babbling. "Peace!" they say—
"Mortal, be still!" My noisy tongue is hushed,
And with my trembling fluger on my lips
My soul exclaims in ecstasy—
MAN AT WHEEL

MAN AT WHEEL

CABIN PASSENGER.

Ah yes! "Delay"—it calls, "nor haste to

Ah yes! "Delay"—it calls, "nor haste to break
The charm of stillness with an idle wor!!"
O mariner, I love thee, for thy thought
Strides even with my own—nay, flies before.
Thou art a brother to the wind an! wave;
Have they not music for thine ear as mine,
When the will tempest makes thy ship his lyre.

When the will tempest makes thy ship his lyre,
Smiting a cavernous baseo from the shrouds And climbing up his gamut through the stays,
Through buntlines, bowlines, rathines, till it shrills
An alto keener than the locust sings, And all the great Æolian orchestra
Storms out its mad sonata in the gale?
Is not the scene a wondrous and
MAN AT WHEEL
Avast!

CARIN PASSENGER.

CARIN PASSENGER.

Ah yes, a vast, a vast and wondrous scene! I see thy soul is open as the day
That holds the sunshine in its azure bow!
To all the solemn glories of the deep.
Tell me, O mariner, dost thou never feel
The graudeur of thine office—to control
The keel that cuts the ocean like a knife
And leaves a wake behind it like a seam
In the great shining garment of the world!

MAN AT WHEEL.

Belay y'r jaw, y'swab! y'hoss-marine!
(To the Captain.)
Ay, ay, sir! Stiddy, sir. Sou'we,' b' sou'!

A GENIUS FOR ART.

NOT ONE CHILD IN TEN THOUSAND POSSESSES IT,

But Nearly Every Boy and Girl Has an Instinct for Artistic Employment-What Young Children May Easily Be Taught. [London Art Journal.]

There is no branch of human knowledge in which so much old fashioned sham sur-rives as in writing or talking about art. vives as In writing or talking about art. There are few men who can discuss it without going into ineffable spasms and aesthetic raptures. The cure for this is to be found in a varied knowledge of arts, and in practical education. Raphael, Albert Durer, Callini, Michael Angelo, were, the results (not the causes) of a state of society in which every workman was capable of executing decorative designs, and even of making them. Now the world has taken from the ineffable sethetic transcendentalists, firstly, the idea. e-thetic transcendentalists, firstly, the idea that art in the main means only the making of pictures and statues; and, secondly, that unless a child manifests an innate talent or born gift for art, it should not be expected to study it. There are children who have a genius for art, but of these there are not more than one in 10,000 or 15,000.

more than one in 10,000 or 15,000.

Among more than 1,000 pupils who were under my teaching in the public art school in Philadelphia, there was only one who had any genius for art; but, on the other hand, there was not a single girl or boy who passed into the second year of instruction who could not design a pattern and then execute it in embroidery, or wood, clay, theet motal, leather, mosaic, or other material. I have found, by full experience and hard work. found, by full experience and hard work that every child in every school may, by certain and very simple method of training, be made into an artisan, and from this be made into an artisan, and from this point become either a practical mechanic or an artist. It is the proper preparation for either. As easy embroidery is the best beginning to lead little girls up to prosaic plain sewing, so the boy who begins with design and modeling and carving, makes not only the best shoemaker, or smith, or carpenter, in less than the usual time, but also a better sailor, or farmer, or miner, or collier. For there is no calling in life in which developed quickness of perception and constructive. quickness of perception and constructive-ness is not a great power. Thus I found— and berein high authorities in education agree with me—that decorative art was the best step toward more practical work.

It was many years ago, during my former residence in England, that I began to ser-iously study the problem of manual indus-try as a branch of all education. In the very beginning of my reflection on this sub-ject, I was much struck by the the fact that no hard or prosaic employment, no trades, in fact, could with success be taught to young children of both sexes. All over the world, efforts to teach boys under 14 years of age a trade have not succeeded, because neither muscles nor brains are sufficiently developed at that age for a child to do a man's task. The principle on which I would base instruction is, that a child not as yet capable of learning a trade or a serious or severe branch of industry can, however, easily master all branches of decorative art, and that these form a fit introduction to

and that these form a fit introduction to more practical work.

We all know that to mere infants, a box of paints, a transparent glass slate for drawing, and to boys boxes of tools are most acceptable gifts. The basis for this faculty is the instinct for constructiveness. And as it seeks for artistic employment in its early stage, I firmly believe that those who begin in childhood with art, will, in the end, prove to be the most intelligent practical mechanics. Egypt, which was in ancient days the mother of learning, proved to be strangely enough in this case also my instructor, for it was in Miss Whately's school structor, for it was in Miss Whately's school with the girls. structor, for it was in Miss Whately's structor, for it was in Miss Whately's sensor in Cairo that, on sosing two very little girls executing each one side of the same piece of elegant embroidery, it flushed upon me that if mere babes could execute such art work, this must be the kind of hand labor with

which to begin in schools.

The next day I found in the bazars num-The next day I found in the bazars numbers of young of both soxes executing embroidery from memory, inlaying, repousse, and even jewelry, with a degree of skill which in Europe no one expects save from grown up and highly trained artists. I reflected, or observed, that all over the east, and in southern Europe, south Gormany, and Tyrol, mere children executed art work of many kinds, especially wood carving, with so much skill that it has a market value without its preventing them from attending school.

A Temperance Suggestion [New Orieans Picayune.]

Let all judges and colonels drink only
such drinks as they buy for themielves, and

they will lead comparatively sober if not useful lives.

A Curious Specimen.

The Jewish Messenger says that to the curious specimen of prayer lately published may be added this of a modern rabbi: "O Lord, thou rememberest we said last week,"

Pittsburg Telegraph: A girl gets into a narrow glove by slight of hand.

The Talmud: Chew well with the teeth, you'll find it again in the lega